

# McGill Daily

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## CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

DEVOTED TO THE

McGill General Hospital



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IN FRANCE”





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# The McGill General Hospital

By SERGEANT H. WHITE.

McGILL UNIVERSITY has long been famous in the annals of Canadian History, and when practically all the nations of the world were engaged in the titanic struggle for world liberty, "McGill" decided to add her quota towards the alleviation of suffering by offering the best of her sons, and the most qualified of her Professors of Medical Science, in order to participate in the gigantic task.

The offer of the University was eagerly accepted by the War Office, and in the early stages of the conflict, authority was given to the Dean of the Medical Faculty, Doctor H. S. Birkett, to organize the personnel for a hospital of 520 beds. The Dean, now Colonel Birkett, as well as being a Specialist in his profession had received a considerable amount of military experience in England, and doubtless this fact had much to do with the rapidity with which the organization progressed. Assistance in the shape of money and supplies come in from all parts of the country, and it was not long before the University Hospital was magnificently equipped. The War Office increased our bed capacity from 520 to 1,040, and gave instructions to mobilize on the 5th day of March, 1915. Accordingly, one of the Faculty Room of the New Medical Building was turned into an Orderly Room, and for several days, students and others signed their attestation papers; after the studies of each day, they did their share of stretcher drills in the spacious halls of the University.

After the Spring examinations, everything was ready for embarkation, and the Unit moved its quarters to No. 6 Mansfield Street, turning the St. George's Home into an ideal barracks. Under the guiding hand of the Acting Adjutant, the Unit steadily increased in efficiency, the time being occupied by drills and route marches.

Seventy-two Nursing Sisters, in charge of the matron were taken on the strength, and the University examinations being over, three Professors and Doctors who were going as officers appeared in uniform. It was an imposing sight for the Montreal citizens to watch this intelligent body of men appear on parade from time to time, and the sidewalks were often crowded as they marched by.

On the 8th day of May, 1915, this magnificently equipped Unit, with its two "Ford" cars and four Motor Ambulances, the special gifts of Canadian people, received immediate instructions from the War Office to proceed overseas. In the evening, scores of friends came to say goodbye to those who were to set out in the early morning. The scene was on which will not readily be effaced from the memories of those that witnessed it. At daybreak long before the Unit formed up, the streets began to fill with carriages, automobiles, and persons interested in the humane work which it was our privilege to undertake. After several minutes of dressing by the right, forming fours, and re-forming two deep, the Unit was inspected by the Commanding Officer, accompanied by his second in command, after which the command rang out from the Officer Commanding, "Move to the right in column of fours, form fours, right." The effect was electrical, and as one man, each member moved into position. The drums beat loudly, and with perfect step, the personnel of No. 3 General Hospital (McGill) proceeded on its way to the docks. To say the least, the Commanding Officer must have experienced

the proudest moments of his life as he marched at the head of such a noble and intelligent body of men. En route, the citizens cheered vehemently; but here and there, tear-stained faces were observed; some were making a supreme sacrifice in allowing those to go who were as dear to them as life itself. Ever and anon, College songs of old "McGill" were sung lastly, and from many a window, handkerchiefs waved vigorously.

Friends were allowed to proceed to the Docks, and at 11 A.M., May 8th, 1915, the steamship weighed anchor. The scene was one never-to-be-forgotten! The multitude on the docks gave vent to their feelings in prolonged cheers as she got under steam. The steamer replied by long and frequent blasts of the siren. Everyone on board, including the 21st Regiment from Kingston, seemed to catch the inspiration of the moment, and shouted enthusiastically, "Are we down-hearted?" Whilst the answer came back from the shore with much assurance, "No!" The boys on board took every vantage point, and some of the students went almost to the Crow's Nest in order to see the last of the familiar shores. As the steamer glided down stream, sirens or whistles emitted by the boats we passed, made a regular bedlam of whole hearted, generous, and tumultuous cheering. As we increased speed, the Church Dome of the Cathedral began to assume less shape, and the men seemed to be stirred by many thoughts; possibly some were seeing Canada for the last time; other were doubtless going to a blood-stained, unknown grave on a European battlefield, where for them,

"The captains and the kings depart,  
The tumult and the shouting dies."

as they go to face the great King.

The last sight of Montreal was a Roman Catholic Church with the figure of Christ having its arms outstretched as if in benediction on the mission we were about to undertake.

Attention was now turned to the vessel, which was quite new, and of considerable length. It was ascertained that she was able to do from 14 to 16 knots—with a possible 18—in case of emergency. The ship's log, which consisted of a dial, clock-like in form at the other end of which was a weighted rope trailing in the water, registered ten knots. There were spacious cabins, brilliantly lighted parlors, and everything necessary to a modernly equipped vessel.

We duly arrived at Quebec where the ship remained for half an hour in mid-stream. The lights of a city "set on a hill" could not be hid, and twinkled like stars in the distance. In full view was the bridge which had had such a tragic history, and in the clear moonlight we could see the magnificent fortress where Montcalm and Wolfe sacrificed their lives. Gray's Elegy readily came to mind:

"The Boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
"And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave,  
"Await alike the inevitable hour,  
"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

On the terrace could be dimly seen the Chateau Frontenac, which loomed up like an ancient castle.

Pilots were exchanged, and turning her nose downstream, the "Metagama" hastened on her course. On Friday, May 7th, we passed the Coast of Gaspé with its barren and

bleak aspect, which was offset by the magnificent sunset, the horizon being filled with liquid fire; the sun seemed to drop like a ball of fire into the water; the vision was partly obscured by a background of mountains, but the waves of its basin seemed to reach up and draw the sun down to them, until the rise of the sun became one with the reflection in the water.

In the evening, officers and nurses enjoyed the poetry of motion, and there was some graceful dancing on the saloon decks, stepping to the exquisite music rendered by a String Band. Here and there we saw several icebergs towering aloft in their cold sublimity, but we passed by at a respectful distance.

A service at sea is always an impressive sight. If the world is God's great cathedral, then the sea is surely one of its organs; and a wonderful organ too, because its music answers the varying feelings of the human heart. In its softer lappings, it is as gentle as a lullaby, while in its angry moods, its tones are fierce to awfulness; its voice changes oft, sometimes sounding lament, sometimes roaring victory. Its far off cadences are whispers of a better land beyond the horizon, and under the influence of its inspiring melody, the spirit, in its wish to greet friends gone before, that on this occasion the reserve, conduct-voyage which we must sooner or later make in reality. It is little to be wondered at, therefore, that on this occasion the service, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Kidd, of Napanee, Ontario, was particularly impressive. Arrayed in his white surplice, with the Union Jack waving in the breeze, his message was "He has brought me into a large place," and, as we ploughed our way over the dark blue furrows, possibly there was not a soul within the range of his voice, who did not feel his need of a Supreme Being.

Each morning at 9.30, there was a parade held on the various decks. We had with us No. 4 Stationary Hospital (French Canadian) and No. 5 Stationary Hospital (Queens). Various classes in first aid were given by the McGill graduates to the less experienced men, whilst the nursing staff went through a series of drills. Everyone was instructed in the use of the life belt, and orders were minutely given as to where to report in case of alarm.

On Saturday, May 15th, we entered Plymouth Sound. As we entered the Sound, we saw a large training ship upon whose clean decks were several youngsters who had just tumbled out of bed in order to get a full view of the boys with the Maple Leaf. The hills were gorgeously decked with flowers of every hue—the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into—and the trees were of the greenest foliage.

The deck space was crowded, and the band began to play, "Oh Canada we stand on guard for thee." Other music was played, and it was wonderful to note the effect produced by the loud notes, immediately followed by the muffling of the drums, as a much softer note was given out.

The process of unloading was marvellous. At two o'clock the nursing staff entrained for London, and in the course of an hour or two, the rest of the Unit pulled out amid drizzly rain. Many had not seen the quaint little English engines before, and were not very sanguine of their capability; their fears were augmented when, owing to an unusually heavy



load on an up grade, we became stranded; but everyone was agreeably surprised at the speed we attained when we reached the top. The trip took us through the beautiful and far famed Devonshire, and as we rushed through the stations in our Government chartered trains the crowds cheered vehemently at the sight of the Maple leaves worn on the caps of those who were looking out of the carriage windows. As we hurried along, we got away from the bustle and smoke of the English towns into the tranquility of the country, where the country surpassed anything that we had ever seen. Everywhere, the country revealed meandering streams, picturesque oaks, quiet farms, grazing cattle, and well kept highways. In some places, it had been raining heavily, and where the soil had been ploughed, the air was redolent with the perfume of Spring. There were few, if any, fences, their places being taken by hedges neatly trimmed; from a distance, these took on the appearance of dark green bars that divided the farms into squares and rectangles. We were quick to notice the absence of barns, and it was a mystery to some of us where the farmers placed their rubbish. There were no vile, disgraceful, reeking barnyards; every inch of ground was scrupulously raked and cleaned. Here and there were houses with thatched roofs, possibly being relics of the days spoken of in Scott's "Ivanhoe"; these were in strong contrast to the lordly manors belonging to the gentry, the darksome glades of which we caught passing glimpses as the train hurtled by. Here and there we descried a castle with its huge towers and battlements with the Union Jack waving proudly in the wind. The course of the railroad took us for some distance along the sea shore where the natural beauty had been little disturbed. Occasionally we saw a crumbling wall built for breakers, where the surf was pounding through. We passed Teignmouth, noted where "things of beauty" abound. Here and there, cliffs and bluffs of rock of peculiar reddish colour rose up out of the sea, and on account of the wear and tear of the breakers, there were grotesque figures that stood up from the mainland, as if on guard.

We arrived at Moore Barracks in the early hours of Sunday, May 16th, and found them to be a series of brick huts arranged in terraces, separated by little streets; there were concrete walks and macadamized pavements. The barracks were named after Sir John Moore who fell at Corunna. Having been practically 24 hours without sleep with one meal and a half, everyone was tired out.

Shorncliffe and Folkestone were pretty enough places, the latter being a sea-side town where numerous soldiers and sailors thronged the promenades; some of the hotels had been converted into wards for the reception of the wounded. On the beach we found groups of Belgian children who had fled from Ostend.

On Saturday, May 22nd, we received orders to move to St. Martin's Plains, about two miles further away. In the centre of the Plains was a quaint English Church of Norman architecture. All ranks were quartered in Huts. There was a large Y. M. C. A. building as well as two huts, one belonging to the Salvation Army and the other to the English Church.

Officers and men went on a short leave of absence, and on their return, there were many excursions made to the great Canterbury Cathedral, Dover Castle, and other places of historic interest in the vicinity. Special lectures were given to the students which were interspersed with route marches and routine.

After a month's stay, secret documents followed each other in quick succession, and on the 14th June, orders were issued that instruc-

tions had arrived for us to proceed to France; we were to retire that night as usual, but we were warned to be ready at half an hour's notice. One hour before midnight, motor lorries were in readiness, and the work of loading began. Officers who had been detailed for temporary duty in various English Hospitals were recalled by telegram. At 2.30 a.m. the Unit marched down to the station, and entrained for Southampton at 4 a.m. on the 15th June, 1916. Some of our graduates had just accepted Commissions in the R. A. M. C., and we missed their faces very much indeed.

We stayed two days in Southampton at a Camp two miles from the town, which was very pleasantly situated. We had barely time to visit Netley Hospital with its adjacent Abbey and other historic places such as the "Tudor House" before orders were received to proceed to France.

On the 17th June we embarked and sailed. Gradually the shores of England were left behind. The men were arranged in groups of 14, each of which was under the charge of an officer, and in the event of any alarm, everyone was instructed where to report, certain boats being allotted to different sections; each person was individually shown as to the whereabouts of the life-belts as well as instructed in their use. Presently, on our right hand, there shot out from the shore a sea-plane. Although the sea was fairly calm, the vessel made quite a swell in its vicinity causing the white foam to appear on the crest of the waves. In a little while, the fore part emerged from the dark blue furrows as if it were struggling to soar; in another instant, like a beautiful bird, it sailed away into the azure sky, hovering around the ship, then it disappeared in the distance only to return immediately above our heads where it circled round and round, until it finally went back to its base.

The grey dawn of the 18th June revealed the shores of France. Immediately outside was a variety of light fishing craft which looked very picturesque.

Throughout the morning the process of unloading the ship began, and the gigantic task was finished in a few hours.

The Unit marched to a Rest Camp some two miles away and large crowds gathered to watch us as we went by. Maidens waved their handkerchiefs from stores and opened windows, old men and women leaned upon their sticks, whilst the small urchins shouted lustily, "Canada," with an emphasis, in their characteristic style, on the "da." The streets were narrow and quaint, the roads being made mostly of cobble sets. Here and there were large stores where scores of people were passing to and fro.

The camp—another St. Martin's—was a dismal place and presented melancholy sight, situated as it was in a bleak part, with an absence of vegetation of any kind.

It was with no feeling of regret that we left the next morning, and judging by the McGill songs as we marched at ease, everyone was in high spirits. With our usual swinging step, we entered the guarded station. At 2.30 we entrained for our destination, whither we arrived in the course of an hour on the 19th June, 1916.

After Unit had been inspected by the Commandant of the Administrative Area, the work of unloading began. Ambulance after ambulance drove up, unpacked and sped away again. Boxes, blankets, stores, etc., were piled up high. If the task of unloading the ship brought forth the unstinted praise of the authorities, how much more herculean was this effort. The men seemed ready for work, and with right good will they lent their energies to the gigantic

task. With cheerfulness the officers put up their own tents, and before nightfall, the Unit was housed in "Bell" tents. During the week, N. C. O's and men ate their victuals on the grass until large marquees were erected. These were hungry days!

Under the guidance of Major Meakins, the tents sprang up like mushrooms, and it was not long before the administrative offices were ready for the transaction of business. The commanding officer occupied the central tent where his tasks were extremely laborious, signing various and never ending documents, and regulating the necessary routine work for a hospital with a bed capacity of 1,040. On one side of his office was the Company Officer's tent, and on the other were the offices of the Clerks and Paymaster. It must be borne in mind that when the Personnel arrived on the scene of its future labours, the site allotted to it was nothing more than a ploughed ground; consequently, roads had to be constructed. Day by day the work went on, every man trying to do his duty under very adverse circumstances. To those accustomed to the halls of the University, making roads was a decided change, but each man did his allotted task with cheerfulness and good will. For some reason or other there was a regrettable delay in receiving equipment which necessitated falling back on the British Ordnance. At length, the hospital was ready, and to say the least, it presented a very picturesque and striking appearance. Looking at it from the crest of the adjacent hills, one gazed upon a tented city inasmuch as there were four other hospitals alongside. It is not extravagant to state that the McGill Hospital was by far the prettiest on account of the tents being of the "Durbar" type, the gift of Indian princes. Several of them were large enough to hold between 50 and 60 beds, and the smaller ones were linked up in series to accommodate 60 patients each. Many of these wards were particularly bright and attractive inside because of the variegated linings.

In the immediate vicinity there were two small villages. One was perhaps a trifle nearer and contained about 300 people, innumerable Estaminets, two Churches (one practically a ruin), a pretty lake, and a hotel. Most of the men who were left were following either farming or fishing for a livelihood, while the cripples and the women looked after the Estaminets. Every house with enough frontage to hold these nine letters, e-s-t-a-m-i-n-e-t seemed automatically to become one of these drinking places by the wayside. In these, one could eat from the same loaf as the family who would ask all kinds of questions about the great "Canada" which, in their minds, was a sort of Eldorado, whose streets were paved with gold, and whose bushes grew five franc notes. The universal sentiment in those parts seemed to be that Canadians were very rich, which was rather nice for the French.

On the opposite side of the main street was a very picturesque little lake nestling among the sand dunes which had in its shallow depth most delectable fish. Every day, members of the staff of the Hotel could be seen fishing. This hotel, which will always linger fondly in the memories of those who visited it from time to time, was located just on the shore of the lake, and from its roof, there was a beautiful view. First, there was the lake fringed with pines, then the stretch of sand dunes, and in the distance, there was the shimmering sea, with a few buildings along the Plage. Looking the other way in the direction of the Camp, one could gaze upon a canvas city with possibly a thousand tents amidst the hills; in front was the Roman Catholic Church with its



steeple peeping amidst the trees near to which was the mansion of a Parisian family, with the squalid houses of the lesser fry in the interspace, whilst to the right, one could see more sand dunes.

On the 7th August, the McGill Hospital received its first convoy of wounded. Great lights were burning outside the admission tent, and ambulance after ambulance drove up. Stalwart men were in readiness, who carried the brave men on stretchers to the admission tent. In this place, a record was taken on suitable cards of their names, regiments, service, etc. At the exit, a table was placed, in the centre of which sat the Registrar whose duty it was to assign the patients to different wards; on either side of him was a medical and surgical officer.

Some of the wounded were suffering from shock, and oftentimes, the clerks would have to get the desired information from the small disc tied to the patient's neck; others were so badly mangled that their faces could hardly be discerned. Many were able to walk, whilst others limped, or were carried upon the shoulders of their more fortunate comrades. It happened sometimes that the patients were delirious thinking that they had fallen into the hands of the enemy; they had to be quieted by the soothing assurances of those standing by.

During the summer months, we were favoured by the visits of a large number of distinguished visitors, including Sir Robert Borden, Canada's Prime Minister, Sir Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia and Defence, Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Queen Amelia of Portugal, The Duchess of Westminster, Lady Hadfield, Lady Perley, Lady Sloggett, the Director General of Medical Services, Sir Montagu Allan, Sir William Osler of Oxford and several leading surgeons and prominent doctors of the French army. We also had visits from the Under-Secretary of State for Great Britain, The Under-Secretary of State for the French Republic, the Chief Surgeon of the French Forces in the Field, the Director of Medical Services for Canadian Contingents, besides many others. They all expressed themselves in terms of highest praise for the "McGill" Hospital, noting with pleasure the up-to-date methods we employed declaring with emphasis that No. 3 Canadian General Hospital-McGill was "The best Medical Unit in France."

Towards the latter part of September, we were instructed to increase our bed capacity to 1,500—about three times the size of Montreal General Hospital. The Church tent was converted into a ward and a similar fate befel the Sergeants' Mess and other places.

One wet morning we heard the whir of machinery, the tooting of horns, and the swish of water caused by the rapid motion of wheels of numerous ambulances and motor cars. Looking outside, we saw not one or two, but scores of Red Cross ambulances passing to and fro. Here and there were staff officers passing and repassing in haste, until we began to wonder whether the enemy had broken through our lines. Later on, instructions were given that nobody was to leave the camp. In the evening a large number of wounded were brought in. Throughout the week, convoys arrived every night, and sometimes two in a night. These were particularly strenuous days, and although almost everyone had to work both night and day, a great spirit of

cheerfulness prevailed. Evidently, the long-looked-for "drive" had begun which resulted in the victorious battle of Loos.

Hitherto, we had been able to allow the patients to remain with us for two weeks or more, but during the months of September and October, we became more of a clearing hospital owing to the frequency of convoys. It often happened that a large number of patients would be sent to us one night only to be evacuated the next. It was particularly touching to witness some of the goodbyes of the Tommies who, although in some cases having been wounded before, but never, according to their own statements, experienced such kindly treatment as the McGill Hospital had given. The officers and nurses received scores of letters of gratitude from these men, many of whom told their comrades to be sure and try to be sent to the "No. 3 Canadians" in the event of their being wounded.

During one single week we took no less than one thousand patients, evacuating practically the same number; some to "Blighty" (as England was familiarly called) and others to Base Details.

In the latter part of the month convoys became less frequent, and in consequence, several wards were closed down. The members of the unit had a good breathing spell and were consequently able to turn their attention to athletics, and many games were played with the teams of five neighboring hospitals. The Officer Commanding and the three Lieutenant Colonels encouraged the sports all they possibly could, and, however exacting their duties it was the subject of remark that they invariably contrived to be present. There was a never-to-be-forgotten day when all the hospitals of the camp united in a "Sport's Day"; the most exciting event was a tug-of-war between the officers of the "McGill" and "Harvard" Units. "McGill" was true to her traditions and won all the base-ball matches, and it was inspiring to hear the old time "yell" at the close of the games. Along the sea-beach was a good tennis court, and the officers often availed themselves of it late in the afternoons. During the summer months, the monotony of camp life was often relieved by parades down to the sea-beach which was very favourable for bathing on account of the vast stretch of golden sand, with an entire absence of pebbles. Anyone watching the "McGill" men "marching at ease," with towels on their shoulders, singing favourite University songs would have thought that they were the happiest men alive. It was plain to be seen that although the army diet had been plain, it had nevertheless agreed with most judging by their increased weight and expanded chests.

The glorious summer gave place for the gloom of November. "The rain descended, the winds blew," and beat upon the tents to such an alarming extent that many fell to the ground, and concerning some of the larger ones, "great was the fall thereof." We were often awakened in the middle of the night by the howling of the wind and the beating of the rain; sometimes, resting upon an elbow, one could hear the thud caused by a descending matlet on a tent peg, which only made one wonder who would suffer next. Strong northeasterly gales, with occasional falls of snow 2 1-2 inches thick, seemed to be the order of the day. After a fair test, it was found that these torrential rains rendered our tented hospital uninhabitable for patients. The high Channel breezes tore some of the Wards into

shreds, and many were flooded. The whole camp owing to the chalky nature of the soil, was turned into a veritable quagmire, and, clad in long rubber boots, the personnel had to wade through a sea of mud; yet, withal, no one grumbled unless it was to make a joke. Eventually, the Authorities deemed it wise to move us, and on the 7th of November, the Hospital was closed. We had taken over three thousand patients with a mortality of only 2.5 per cent which was a very fine record.

All ranks were occupied with the business of packing, but the nights were very monotonous. The hospital being closed, the C. O. thought a little indulgence would not appear unseemly, and kindly mentioned a masquerade ball given by the nursing staff to the non-commissioned officers and men. By the aid of such decorations as could be found "on active service," the committee converted the men's new mess hut, together with Wards "H" and "I" into festal halls. The gaiety and fun did not at any time overstep the bounds of propriety. Outside, the wind swept up from the sea to the adjacent hills, and the mud exerted all its clinging love for clothes and boots. Inside, exquisite music proceeded through the rafters of the hut, and the walls were vivid with lights and twisted College colors, red and white. It was a fascinating sight to watch the grotesque forms that glided to the poetry of motion.

The social evening just outlined was such a decided success that the non-commissioned officers and men were anxious to give a social function in return, and the C. O. not only gave his consent, but agreed to be the patron of the evening. As dance after dance took place, a bridal party made a triumphal entry, and the bride certainly looked well able to weather all the storms of matrimony. There was a grand march past, and all the varied company assembled together and gave the prize of beauty to a radiant Spanish dancer and a stately Moor. China was well represented; here and there a blue butterfly could be seen flitting through the crowd disdaining to use her wings, her feet being so light. As many Indian braves as could be spared from the fighting came from their mountain fastnesses. Gay little Gypsies, dark eyed maidens, Pierrets darted hither and thither, and one of the latter played most incomparable dance music. Little Boy Blue and BoPeep were there sure enough, and Robin Hood was down to see the fun. There was nothing but admiration for the hosts who were beyond compare courteous and gay. In due time, the assembly was conducted to a scene of bounty and splendour, long tables, shimmering and bright with the lights of many candles, laden and groaning with heaps of good things which culminated in a castle-like cake. Hanging from the columns which supported the walls, there hung the glorious Red and White, of which McGill has always been so justly proud. The Officer Commanding wielded the sword of ceremony and cut the cake, which act of dexterity was followed by the matron. The delicate little bride received the first piece, and the retiring bridegroom was also induced to partake, amid many blushes and sly grimaces.

Not long after this event, there was a serious wreckage off the coast, and large supplies of butter, tobacco, etc., were washed ashore. This was doubtless due to the many storms which prevailed at the time causing many mines to be broken away from their anchorage. There was another wreck which was duly reported



in the daily papers, giving photographs of the wreckage.

By this time, all kinds of rumors were current as to where we were going. Some had received official information that we were to proceed to Salonika whilst others knew for certain that we were soon to entrain for the south of France, whilst others were equally as emphatic in declaring that England was to be our ultimate destination. Everything was in readiness for an immediate departure, and the Base Commandant came down from the Administrative District on purpose to express his appreciation of the work we had done, emphasizing particularly how pleased he had been that we had given him so little trouble; never had he known a unit to go away with an absolute freedom from crime, and he hoped that the same admirable record would follow us to our new sphere of labour. As we were informed afterwards that he was not lavish with his compliments, we felt additionally glad for his unstinted praise.

After this speech, we naturally felt that we should be on the move for our new quarters almost immediately; but we were disappointed. Perhaps one of the hardest things for a soldier to learn is the discipline of waiting. To say the least, the period of inactivity was very trying to us all, but happily, the monotony was greatly relieved by the interest which one of the officers took in the boys, in taking them for long route marches to places of historical interest, which he explained with enthusiasm.

A gloom was cast over the camp when the War Office authorized the return of the fourth and fifth year medical students, because association binds people together by tender ties. We felt this keenly, especially during this time of enforced idleness, which was augmented by the recalling of many of our medical officers and nursing sisters for temporary duty in various English hospitals.

We had looked forward to spending Christmas at our new destination, but the atmosphere of uncertainty created a spirit of carelessness as to the festive season. Happily, just at the right moment, the people of Montreal had not forgotten us, and a spirit of wonted brightness permeated the entire camp when box after box was unpacked. The personnel of the "McGill" Hospital will never forget this kindness coming at such an opportune moment; it was not so much the value of the gifts—though they were valuable—as the thoughtfulness that prompted them that impressed us so much "Somewhere in France." Everyone bestirred themselves to have a good time, and a hearty Christmas meal was enjoyed by all on Christmas Day.

A few days before Christmas, the C. O. was obliged to leave for Canada in order to transact official business connected with the unit; of late he had been looking far from well on account of the great accumulation of duties sitting heavily upon his shoulders, and we hoped that the change would do him good. Shortly after his departure, the long-looked-for order to move came, and the unit departed on the 6th January, 1916.

We found our new site to be an old Jesuit College which in days long since past belonged to a rich Bourgeois, known as the Capitaine de Capicure. It seems that in 1874 the Jesuit Fathers bought the place with its adjacent fields, and Pere Couplet founded it and named it "Ecole libre Notre Dame;" at the same time the North Wing was built. The school commenced on the 10th of October, 1878. An old man who had taken a deep interest in the place told Captain Pirie many wonderful stories. The foundations of the south wing (most of which we found destroyed) were laid in 1876, and

the building was completed in 1878. An extensive wall was built all round the grounds at the same time, money for the purpose being borrowed to the extent of one million francs. We noted with pleasure among other buildings the ruins of a beautiful Chapel with fine paintings, carvings, statuary and stained glass windows. These decorations and improvements were carried out from 1894 onwards by Pere Coatesquet. A Grotto which stood in a clump of trees looking old enough to be a Roman remains, was put up by him twenty years ago. In the upper part of it was a beautiful statue of the Virgin, but this, along with all the other statuary, paintings and carvings had been carried off to the Ecole de Notre Dame at Le Touquet, a suburb of Mouscron in Belgium. About 300 boarders and 100 outside pupils studied at the Ecole, and evidences of the good times they had were plainly visible as we walked around Salle de Fetes, which would soon be converted into a hospital ward. It was fitted up at that time with massive curtains as a theatre.

We were informed that in the summer time they had Pageants and Tableau Vivant out-of-doors on a large scale with elaborate costumes and scores of actors, chariot-races, and sports of all kinds. All this passed away in 1902 when the Law of Separation came into force; then the State took over the school and the Fathers left the place. The celebrated Pere du Coetloequet left for Madagascar, but it was of peculiar interest to learn that the old pupils still made it a custom of meeting in the old place once a year in the Salle de Fetes to commemorate the glory of former days. The school then continued under a layman for five years the glory of bygone days having departed. In 1907 the fire took place, and since that time, demolition has gone on, until to-day a few walls, a series of scattered buildings, and a heap of rubbish remain. We were further told that the place was insured for 2,000,000 francs; the State took half, and the other half was used to pay off the debt on the buildings. Since 1902 it was used as a State school, but since 1907 it has been practically empty, until our predecessors occupied it.

Shortly after the war broke out, the Jesuit College was occupied by Indians, and it was known as "The Meerut Hospital." Such, then, is the history of the place where we are destined to spend many days in the carrying out of the great humane work which it is our privilege to undertake.

The administrative offices started work in the new site on the 6th of January, 1916. Two or three days afterwards, after almost superhuman effort, the rest of the personnel evacuated the old position to which they had held so tenaciously in the face of all the opposition of the elements, for over six months. Upon the arrival of the train, a long string of motor lorries began bringing loads from all the nooks and corners of the far flung camp. Two full days were taken up with this loading and then orders came to completely evacuate at once. The camp was cleaned, and the men were marched to the station. Here they were entrained in very luxurious first-class compartments. Now was the time for Herculean efforts because all of the hundreds of tons of freight had to be transferred from the trucks two miles out into the country to the new quarters up on the hills that same evening. Huge five ton lorries took all the stores as fast as the men could unload the cars. At the new camp, too, a party was busy unloading as the goods came in. Everybody without exception turned out to help; thus, with the efforts of all concerned, the last of the impediments had left the station and the huge piles

were safely covered before midnight.

The next day, the Base Commandant communicated with us by telephone asking when the goods could be removed from the station, and when he was informed that they had been safely housed the preceeding night, he could scarcely be convinced that such was the case; he warmly congratulated the Acting Commanding Officer, who in turn complimented the men by a special parade. He was glad that the unit had had such a clean record, and he asked the men on parade to continue to play the game and to play it fair, stating that he would help them all he could. In view of past records, he would place no restrictions upon their liberties.

Under able guidance the old Jesuit College was rapidly converted into hospital wards; the men were very busy carrying equipment over the extensive grounds, and it was not long before a few hundred beds were ready for occupancy. It was rumored that bed capacity was to be increased from 1,040 to 1,200 and a possibility of 1,500. Preparations on a grand scale were carried out with all diligence, and when the C. O. returned from Canada on the 21st of February, 1916, he expressed himself as being more than pleased with what he saw.

On the 22nd of February we received the sad news of the death of Colonel H. B. Yates; the grim reaper had gathered his first toll from this Unit; his lamented death occurred at the Granville Special Canadian Hospital, Kent, on the morning of February 22nd, 1916. His health had broken down as a result of his devotion to duty in the trying November weather of tent life and he was invalided to England in the hope that under more favorable conditions it might improve; such did not prove to be the case, and we were now left to mourn an officer who had endeared himself to every member of the unit. It was a matter of great comfort to us all to learn that the military authorities had kindly arranged that every member of the family should be present at his bedside during his last illness and that he had the advice of the most distinguished specialists including our good friend Sir William Osler.

We miss him—

Not for clever word, or glorious deed  
Blazoned upon a trumpet's tongue;  
But for the kindly glance,  
And gentle word on daily round.

He gave us love.

And now, responsive to his gift,  
We'll learn to act through love,  
And in each look and word,  
Memory will note his gesture and his voice.

—(Anon)

It surely would be unpardonable not to record in these pages the history of our local paper, sanctioned for publication by the Officer Commanding; to its pages which have been full of interest, the author of this record has been much indebted for it that he would otherwise have forgotten. It first appeared in October, 1915, and was entitled "The Sunday Observer." The paper was an experiment, and appeared as anonymous and consisted of a modest typewritten sheet of three pages. Naturally it gave rise to some curiosity and a good deal of speculation as to where it came from. When it was found there was some support for a Unit paper, "The McGilliken" appeared on the scene one fine Sunday morning, and as time went by, its appearance was eagerly looked for; so much so, that a multi-graph was pressed into service. Unfortunately, just when its prospects were brightest, the order came to close up the Hospital and prepare to move. The production of the paper under these adverse circumstances became somewhat difficult as the multi-graph was pack-



ed up, and it was impossible to type out an adequate number of copies; yet the paper continued to appear each week, often with very little material, and in all, 13 numbers were issued. Owing to the demand for its production, we were not surprised when a brief, bright and breezy printed "McGilliken" appeared in February, 1916, which was quite in accordance with our larger premises.

Nor would it be fair to ignore in this journal, the indefatigable efforts of the McGill Y. M. C. A. Field Branch which has been untiring in its efforts to provide comforts for the personnel. In our former home, the C. O. very kindly gave permission for a large marquee to be erected in which after the day's work, the men were wont to retire for the purpose of reading, writing and music. Many concerts were held under its auspices which considerably relieved the monotony of the long winter evenings. At our new site, we owed even a greater debt, inasmuch as the headquarters of the Y. M. C. A. organization gave us the right-of-way to a newly built magnificent hut which had been previously erected in our own grounds presumably for the use of our Indian predecessors. Tables were neatly arranged where all the latest newspapers and magazines of the Churches of every denomination were spread. No matter at what time of the working day one stepped into the hut, an atmosphere of comfort permeated the place arising from the cosy fires. On the top of the piano all the latest music, both classical and comic, could be seen piled up, and here and there was a mandolin or perchance a guitar belonging to different members of the unit. In one corner, there was a large library of books, of both ancient and modern writers, so that lovers of book lore could spend happy times after the day's work was done; nor was this all. For those whose tastes were in other directions, there were all kinds of games, including chess, checkers, cards, dominos, etc., and it was a happy sight to see the patients in their garb of blue playing games with the boys in khaki. Copious supplies of ink and writing paper were provided free of charge. In another room was a large billiard table where those who were so inclined could indulge in a very skillful game, and many exciting hours were spent in this pastime. There was a quiet room specially designed for students where strict silence was maintained where books of medical reference were kept. In this room, those students whose eyes were ever set on the completion of their University course, were wont to spend many of their leisure hours. Occasionally this was turned into a class room where one of the student's, Private Bieler, who had lived ten years in Paris gave both elementary and advanced French lessons to those who aspired to converse with the French folks with whom they came in contact. For the divinity students in our midst Bible classes were arranged where stimulating thoughts were passed along. Concerts, sketches, lectures and illustrated lantern slides—and even moving pictures were arranged both for the patients and personnel; the wounded were always the first in our minds, and everything possible was done in the way of arranging entertainments for the soldiers entrusted to our care. The C. O. realizing what a lot of pleasure a little music and entertainment gives made it his business, whenever he could spare the time, to give what encouragement he could to such programmes, and on many occasions gladly took the chair himself.

In our new quarters we were more comfortable in every way. The men were housed in large dormitories where scenes of dry humor often occurred. The men received permission from the Commanding Officer to supple-

ment Government rations by a Mess Fund, and expressions of satisfaction were heard on every hand at the new method of messing; it became an increased pleasure to hear the familiar bugle sounding out its welcome invitation to "come to the cook-house door." The officers and sisters, too, fared much better as they were enabled to live in wooden huts.

As the days went by we became increasingly busy. At the Jesuit College, we received our first convoy of patients on the 28th January, 1916, and as the hours sped by, our admissions became more frequent. As a general rule, notification was received around nine o'clock at night, and the bugle would sound the dismissal about midnight.

On the 20th of February, instructions were received that we were to admit all the local sick of this area of which we have received as many as fifty cases in one day in addition to 150 patients at the ordinary convoy which now became a daily occurrence. Eventually orders were received to expand again from 1,500 to 2,000 beds and the work of preparation went on, everyone lending themselves cheerfully to the new burdens placed upon them. As the days went by transformations took place in every department, nurses, doctors and men vieing with each other as to which could present the most attractive ward. Hanging plants, festoons, were visible on every hand; pretty flowers of every hue and tint sprang up as if by magic until, by the middle of July, the Hospital grounds became a veritable enchanted spot. Outside the various messes flower beds laid out in exquisite taste invited one to step inside and see the transformations that had taken place within. Signboards, chaste though ornate, indicated the various wards and departments so that a stranger could find his way around with perfect ease. Here was the X-Ray room with its powerful engines working at high speed turning out thousands of plates opposite which was the operating theatre where everything was as spic and span as the deck of one of His Majesty's ships. Not far away was the Pathological Laboratory with its hundred and one specimens collected. In the vicinity was the Dental Department which one reached through an avenue of trees. Leaving there were bridle paths leading to labyrinths of bushes where those patients who were fortunate to be able to walk could often be seen reclining. Indeed, wounded men could often be seen walking slowly up and down these bridle paths for some two hundred yards enjoying to the full the music of the sweet voiced songsters whose plaintive notes were heard from tree and brake and nest. The foliage was everywhere luxuriant, and we are glad to record that nature had been particularly indulgent to us. In the centre of a natural canopy the Canadian Red Cross Society erected a magnificent hut which they furnished in a very luxuriant style. One of the latest pianos was installed, together with all the latest games, so that the patients for whom it was solely intended, had all they could desire.

In close proximity was the garage with our "Ford" cars and ambulances neatly ranged side by side, the costly gifts of our Canadian friends. Near by was a road leading either to the Southern or Western gates; outside the latter was the Calais Road where troops en route for the front marched past. Their appearance often presented thrilling emotions suggesting terrible ghastly things. Sometimes they marched to the shrill cadences of fife, or to the martial roll of the drum or to the wierd notes of the bagpipes. They would swing along fully equipped and armed to the teeth. On their faces was the look that can never be forgotten. Frequently the motor

cycle bearing the despatch riders would hurtle by leaving clouds of dust behind and ever and anon motor cars bearing staff officers could be seen dashing by. Yet in the ruins of the old Jesuit College, there was tranquility and peace. Nurses and doctors, wardmasters and orderlies doing their work with cheerfulness and confidence. In the centre of the grounds was the administrative block containing the offices of the Commanding Officer, Company Officer, Clerks and Registrar. Outside the raised platform was a bed of flowers. The Quartermaster's office, pack store, linen store and clothing stores centred round it.

The first week of July taxed our efforts to the utmost. The advance had begun in earnest. Convoys and evacuations went on at the same time, the bugle no sooner sounding "dismiss" than it was followed by a peremptory "fall in." Happily the personnel was divided into three sections, so that one party was able to work both day and night. In a single day we admitted over eight hundred patients and discharged one thousand one hundred, yet there still remained in hospital at six o'clock one thousand one hundred. These, though slightly wounded cases, will give some idea of the strenuous times through which we passed. Sometimes the rush was so great that all executive work had to be abandoned temporarily in order that all hands might attend to the patients coming in and going out. So well did we handle them that the General Officer, Commanding-in-Chief, Sir Douglas Haig, sent a special message through the Director General of Medical Services of the British Armies in France, who together with the Director of Medical Services on the Lines of Communication, conveyed their personal congratulations. The Deputy Director of Medical Services for the Area was very proud that he had such a hospital under his administration, and he desired, through the medium of Daily Orders, to place his appreciation on record on the splendid and efficient manner in which we had handled unprecedented numbers of casualties. When the Commanding Officer announced this on parade as well, it was a source of encouragement to us all.

We were again favored with distinguished visitors, including His Excellency The Duke of Devonshire, K.G., G.C.V.O., Queen Amelia of Portugal, the Duchess of Westminster, The Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, Secretary of State for War, Lord Reading, Dr. Page and various Canadian Senators and Parliamentarians. We also had a visit from the South African Deputation consisting of Senators and Members of Parliament and also representatives of the Government of Australia. Distinguished specialists paid us a visit from all parts of the world. Nor would we forget a most interesting visit from our beloved Principal, Sir William Paterson, K.C.M.G., Vice-Chancellor and Principal of "McGill" who assured us that we were constantly in the thoughts of the people whom we had left behind. All these visitors expressed themselves in terms of highest praise and went from praise to enthusiasm, not only on account of the splendid work we had done, but also on account of the organization and business-like up-to-date methods everywhere exhibited on the premises of the hospital.

A spirit of cheerfulness prevails everywhere notwithstanding tired bodies, which are often exercised to the extreme limit of endurance. What the future will bring, we do not anticipate; but we shall complete our tasks to the end, which spells victory, in the spirit of duty, meeting new necessities with fresh exertions, for we are all animated with the thought that it is the work of civilization of liberty and humanity.



# Roll of Honour of the Faculty of Medicine

## GRADUATES.

Abell, M. C.  
Adami, J. G.  
Affleck, J. E.  
Ainley, L. T.  
Ainley, W. E.  
Anderson, C. M.  
Archibald, E. W.  
Argue, A. F.  
Armstrong, G. E.  
Baby, G. R.  
Baldwin, S. G.  
Bauld, W. A. G.  
Bayfield, G. E.  
Bazin, A. T.  
Belanger, P. B.  
Benner, F. A.  
Bird (Mrs.) Mary Runnels.  
Birkett, H. S.  
Bishop, G. A.  
Black, J. C.  
Bonnell, S.  
Brannen, J. P.  
Brown, D. M.  
Browne, J. G.  
Bruneau, I. E.  
Burgess, H. C.  
Burnett, P.  
Cameron, K.  
Campbell, A. D.  
Cameron, Geo.  
Charron, F. B.  
Chandler, A. B.  
Charters, G. E.  
Chisholm, H. A.  
Church, C. H.  
Church, C. K.  
Clark, L. E.  
Clarke, F. C.  
Cleveland, D. E. H.  
Cleveland, H. R.  
Coates, H. W.  
Conover, K. I.  
Curry, W. A.  
Corbett, F. A. F.  
Corbett, G. G.  
Cotton, T. F.  
Crozler, J. A.  
Cruikshank, W. D.  
Cumming, H. E.  
Dakin, W. A.  
Dalpe, W. G.  
Davis, D. W.  
Delahey, A. L.  
DeMuth, Otto.  
Denny, J. P.  
Dickson, J. A.  
Digby, R. W.  
Dixon, E. C.  
Donaldson, A. S.  
Dorsey, J. W.  
Douglas, H. T.  
Drier, N. E.  
Drum, L.  
Dunbar, D. A.  
Driver, H. V.  
Eager, W. H.  
Eberts, E. M. von.  
Eberts, H. F. H.  
Edgar, C. J.  
Elder, J. M.  
Elder, R.  
Ewing, W. T.  
Fairie, J. A.  
Farley, O. E.  
Fawcett, R. F. M.  
Finley, F. G.  
Fisher, A. M.  
Forbes, A. MacKenzie.  
Forbes, Robt.  
Fortin, C. E. F.  
Foss, A. F.  
Foster, L. S.  
Francis, W. W.  
Fraser, W. G.  
Freeze, D. F. D.  
Fuller, A. T.  
Fuller, G. F. LeR.  
Fyshe, J. C.  
Gall, G. L.  
Geddes, A. C.  
Gallagher, J. B.  
Gardiner, E.  
Gardiner, R. J.  
Gardner, R. L.  
Gibson, R.  
Gilday, F. W.  
Gilday, A. L. C.  
Gillies, G. E.  
Gilmour, W. N.  
Goodall, J. R.  
Gorral, A. S.  
Gorrel, C. W. F.  
Gowdey, W. C.  
Grant, W. J.  
Green, T. B.  
Griffith, G. T.  
Guilou, N. M.  
Gurd, F. B.  
Hale, G. C.  
Hamilton, C. D.  
Hanington, J. W. B.

Hardisty, R. H. M.  
Harris, L. C.  
Hart, E. C.  
Hartin, D.  
Harwood, R. deL.  
Haszard, C. F. L.  
Hayes, J.  
Hebert, A. J. B.  
Henderson, A. T.  
Henry, C. M.  
Hepburn, H. H.  
Hewetson, S. W.  
Hewitt, C. F.  
Hill, W. H. P.  
Hogan, E. V.  
Hogg, D. H.  
Hogle, J. H.  
Howard, A. C. P.  
Howell, W. B.  
Howlett, G. P.  
Hutchinson, J. W.  
Hutchison, J. Alex.  
Hutson, L. C.  
Hutton, W. A.  
Huycke, A. H.  
Irvine, A. D.  
Jacques, H. M.  
Jenkins, J. S.  
Jento, C. P.  
Johnson, A. L.  
Johnson, H. D.  
Johnson, J. G. W.  
Jones, A. L.  
Jones, H. A.  
Jones, J. H.  
Joyce, C. R.  
Kean, C. D.  
Kearney, G. H.  
Keay, Arnold.  
Keenan, C. B.  
Kendall, C. J.  
Kennedy, G. L. D.  
Kennedy, R. A.  
Kerfoot, H. W.  
King, S. S.  
Kinney, B. O.  
Krolik, Melville.  
Kenny, R. W.  
Laing, G. F.  
Lamb, W. V.  
Lauchlan, L. C.  
Lawson, E. H.  
Leavitt, J.  
Lee, J. C.  
Leeson, L. H.  
LeTouzel, J. R.  
Lewis, Sclater.  
Lightstone, Hyman.  
Lineham, D. M.  
Little, H. M.  
Lipsey, R. H.  
Locke, E. E.  
Lockwood, A. L.  
Lomas, A. J.  
Lomer, T. A.  
Lowry, W. C.  
Lundon, A. E.  
Lunney, T. H.  
Lyon, G. R. D.  
Lyons, G. A.  
MacArthur, R. S.  
MacCordick, A. H.  
MacDermot, H. E.  
Macdonald, J. P.  
Macdonald, R. H.  
Macdonald, R. St. J.  
MacIntosh, L. deC.  
Mackay, A. A.  
Mackay, D. S.  
Mackay, F. H.  
MacKidd, L. S.  
MacLeod, D. A.  
MacNaughton, B. F.  
MacNutt, L. W.  
Macphail, Andrew.  
McAllister, W. J.  
MacKay, D. R.  
McCallum, J. S.  
McComb, J.  
McCowan, G. R.  
McCrae, John.  
McCrimmon, M.  
McCusker, E. A.  
McDiarmid, C. A.  
McEwen, H. B.  
McGibbon, R. S.  
McKechnie, D. W.  
McKee, S. H. C.M.G.  
MacTaggart, D. D.  
McKenzie, R. Tait.  
McKenzie, Stuart.  
McKim, L. H.  
McKinnon, F. W.  
McLean, J. R.  
McLeod, W. A.  
McMillan, J. A.  
McMillan, W. H.  
McNally, G. J.  
McNaughton, M. W.  
Mack, H. J.  
Main, C. G.  
Malcolm, D. C.  
Malloch, T. A.

Malone, R. H.  
Manchester, G. H.  
Martin, A. J.  
Mason, E. G.  
Matheson, J. R.  
Meakins, J. C.  
Melhado, G. C.  
Mersereau, H. C.  
Mewburn, F. H.  
Mewburn, F. H. H.  
Mingie, W. J. E.  
Moles, E. B.  
Molleur, C. A.  
Monahan, R. J.  
Morgan, J. D.  
Morrow, J. J.  
Moses, H. C.  
Mothersill, G. S.  
Muckleston, H. S.  
Mulr, W. L.  
Munroe, A. R.  
Munroe, H. E.  
Murphy, G. B.  
Murray, L. M.  
Mustard, H. R.  
Morison, J. B.  
Nase, Philip.  
Neilson, H. K.  
Nelson, W. E.  
Nicholls, A. G.  
Nicholson, F. J.  
O'Callaghan, R. H. L.  
O'Donnell, J. E.  
Ord, W. E.  
Osborne, A. B.  
Osler, Sir Wm.  
Oulton, M. A.  
Ower, J. J.  
Paine, H. G. C.  
Palmer, J. E.  
Park, A. W.  
Patch, F. S.  
Paterson, F. P.  
Payey, H. L.  
Peat, G. B.  
Pedley, F. G.  
Peters, C. A.  
Planche, H. H.  
Pirie, A. H.  
Pope, E. L.  
Porter, A. S.  
Pratt, C. M.  
Preston, C. E.  
Price, R. F.  
Ramsay, I. D.  
Ramsey, G. S.  
Rankin, A. C.  
Reavely, E.  
Reford, L. L.  
Reid, L. C.  
Reilly, W. H.  
Rhea, L. J.  
Richards, E. T. F.  
Richardson, J. W.  
Roberts, J.  
Roberts, L. H.  
Roberts, M. C.  
Robertson, A. A.  
Robertson, A. R.  
Robertson, E. A.  
Robertson, R. B.  
Robertson, W. G.  
Robinson, R. C.  
Robson, C. H.  
Rogers, K. F.  
Rogers, J. T.  
Rommell, E.  
Ross, Albert.  
Ross, S. A.  
Ross, S. G.  
Ruddick, W. W.  
Russel, C. K.  
Scott, G. O.  
Scott, W. A.  
Scott, W. C. M.  
Scrimger, F. A. C.  
Shanks, Geo.  
Sharp, A. D.  
Shillington, A. T.  
Shillington, Rich.  
Shaw, T. P.  
Shaw, G. F.  
Sims, H. A.  
Sinclair, F. D.  
Skeels, A. A.  
Slack, M. R.  
Smith, C. E.  
Saunders, F. W.  
Spier, J. R.  
Starkey, T. A.  
Steeves, E. O.  
Stewart, C. J.  
Stewart, J. D.  
Sutherland, R. H.  
Sutherland, T. W.  
Taylor, G. O.  
Tees, F. J.  
Templeman, Wm.  
Thompson, A. E.  
Tidmarsh, F. W.  
Todd, J. L.  
Tooke, F. T.  
Tull, J. A. C.

Tupper, T. S.  
Turner, W. G.  
Thornton, L. H.  
Vesey, E. M.  
Vignaux, M. J.  
Vipond, Chas.  
Walsh, C. O.  
Walter, A. B.  
Warwick, W.  
Waugh, O. S.  
Weldon, R. C.  
Wert, H. C.  
Wheeler, F. H.  
White, J. H.  
Whitton, D. A.  
Wickham, J. C.  
Wilkes, A. B.  
Wilkins, W. A.  
Williams, E. J.  
Williams, J. A.  
Wilmot, LeB. B.  
Wilson, A. A.  
Wilson, F. W. F.  
Wilson, R.  
Wilson, R. D.  
Windeler, E. C. H.  
Wood, G. O.  
Wood, H. G.  
Woodrow, J. B.  
Wright, H. P.  
Wright, R. P.  
Wylde, C. F.  
Young, C. A.

## CASUALTIES.

Campbell, R. P. (Lieut.-Colonel.)  
Dillon, W. P. (Major.)  
Duval, J. L. (Major.)  
Mavety, J. LeR. (Capt.)  
Walcott, F. S. (Capt.)  
Walsh, J. P. (Capt.)  
Waterston, Douglas (Capt.)  
Yates, H. B. (Lt.-Col.)

## STUDENTS.

Adcock, J. P. (past student, 1908.)  
Apps, C. O.  
Archibald, W. C.  
Bankier, J. P.  
Bell, E. A.  
Benger, M.  
Benning, C. H. P. G.  
Bertram, J. K. (Capt.), killed in action.  
Beveridge, W. W.  
Bishop, L. F.  
Blissett, G. W.  
Brooks, W. A.  
Brown, J. S.  
Busby, E. M., B.A.  
Chisholm, A. N.  
Cook, M. S.  
Copeland, Newall.  
Davidson, W. McD.  
DeRochie, M. C.  
DesBrisay, H. A.  
Elkington, E. H. W.  
Everett, H. S.  
Farlinger, A. C.  
Foran, H. P.  
Fowlie, F. F.  
Gallagher, C. A.  
Gareau, U. J.  
Gardner, A. J.  
Gillmor, H. M.  
Gordon, J. K., B.A.  
Gregson, W. E.  
Griffith, H. R.  
Hale, G. M.  
Hart, H. H.  
Haszard, J. F.  
Hawkins, A. B. (Past student, 1911.)  
Henry, C. B.  
Hooper, J. A. V.  
Hutchison, K. O.  
Hunter, W. A.  
Jenks, A. N., Pte. No. Canadian General Hospital, B.E.F., Army Post Office, No. 3, France.  
Johnston, K. B.  
Keeping, B. C.  
Kinsman, R. P.  
Lapp, V. R.  
Laurin, E. M.  
Learoyd, D. R.  
LeBel, M. W.  
Lockhart, J. R.  
Logan, H. L.  
MacArthur, R. A.  
MacDonald, D. O.  
McCormick, R. R.  
McCrimmon, A. M.  
McDonald, H. R.  
McGregor, A. F.  
McGregor, D.  
McKenzie, C. S.  
McKenzie, J. W.  
Manning, C. E.  
Michell, R. Lee.  
Miller, F. G.



Miller, G. Gavin.  
Montgomery, L. C.  
Mowat, Bert.  
Newhook, W. H.  
Newsam, A. R.  
O'Meara, R. S.  
Palmer, J. H.  
Parkes, A. J. R.  
Parkins, G. A., B.A.  
Parsons, W. S.  
Pickel, M. R.  
Pickup, W. A.

Porter, W. A.  
Read, W. W.  
Redman, R. C.  
Roman, Lightfoot.  
Rose, W. H.  
Ross, A. G.  
Ross, C. B., B.A.  
Ross, D. E.  
Ross, D. W.  
Sanders, J. L., B.A.  
Scriber, W. deM.  
Skeete, H. E.

Skinner, B. W.  
Skinner, W. K.  
Spohn, H. G.  
Stewart, C. C.  
Stewart, C. J.  
Struthers, R. R.  
Sutherland, C. D.  
Tennant, P. S.  
Tining, C. B., B.A.  
Trefry, H. S.  
Tucker, G. S.  
Valentine, J. B.

Warburton, E. (Past student.)  
Wells, T. J.  
Whelan, John.  
Whitley, H. T. C.  
Wienke, C. E.  
Woodward, A. G.  
Wright, H. S.  
Williamson, N. T.  
Wortley, H. E.

# The Spirit of the Men At The Front

A Sure and Firm Belief in the Afterworld Held by the Troops says Lt.-Col. J. George Adami in  
Address Before McGill Medical Society

The ordinary man who has not been at the front has a slightly distorted idea of affairs in the trenches. He pictures glorious charges, men heaped in blood and gore, and things generally terrible. He thinks with a shudder of his friends and relatives being among all this.

The real work of this war is that of the medical man, including, of course, surgery. Ordinary medicine and surgery are out of the question. Medicine is doing great work as preventive medicine along lines of sanitation and inoculation against infectious disease. Here may be mentioned the prevention of typhoid. It is begun in Canada, and has saved more lives than anything else. In the Boar war one-ninth of the whole British force was stricken; now less than one in nine hundred have the disease.

The first duty of the medical man is to keep the soldier fit, get him to the trench to do his bit, and if he gets hit, to hasten his convalescence.

You will be interested to know the work of a regimental medical officer. I had the privilege of seeing one in a trench in France. The trench was covered with a sort of roof, and the doctor was cheerfully doing a bit of minor surgery.

The first duty of the M. O. is to hold the daily sick parade. This requires a fairly right man, as fakirs are met in all positions in life, and a well worked soldier is no exception.

The sanitary section is doing excellent work in cleaning up the country and keeping it clean. The water supply received their undivided attention till going properly. Even summer diarrhoea has been eliminated.

The first duty of the A. D. M. S. is the health of the troops. Pediculi and Scabes have been prominent pests, but have been successfully dealt with, by a wonderful arrangement, whereby the men get a warm bath and a change of underclothing once a week.

Trench feet is another ailment to be overcome. This is a glorified condition of chilblains not frost bite. It is due to cold producing improper circulation with pain and swelling; this may go on to gangrene. The preventive consists of keeping the feet dry, and removal of the gum boots at intervals, and rubbing the feet to improve the circulation.

Portable laboratories which followed the men almost to the front line trenches were found to be of invaluable service. It was in one of these that Col. Naismith discovered the nature of the German gas bullet.

The Anophiline mosquito has also been extirpated, and with it malaria.

Field ambulances have various duties beside gathering the wounded from dangerous places. A field ambulance is a temporary hospital, the stretchers taking the place of beds. Here urgent surgery is done, as well as dressings, and the patients sent as soon as possible to the rear.

A marvellous number of men are returned to action direct from hospitals in France after a short illness. The mortality in the army is less than one per cent. The surgical mortality of the McGill Hospital has been absurdly small.

Everything in the way of supplies goes through the hands of the Quarter-Master General. In the same office is the Adjutant General. He has to do with the personnel of the army, seeing that a certain number of men are at such a place at such a time. All hospitals report every day to him the number of wounded received, deaths, etc. He makes up a list which he sends to the medical office in England. Here the records of all the men are kept, regarding the extent of wound and disability, etc. These are of importance with respect to pensions. This office is responsible for notification of relatives in case of casualties.

Men in the medical service have been absolutely loyal to their country. Every here and there by roadside or in churchyard is a grave with a post or cross with the significance that here some good man lies who has fallen.

This, let me remind you, is All Saints' Day, the day which through long centuries the Catholic world has set apart for the remembrance of the dead. In Flanders, in France, in Italy, in all the countries of our European Allies, just as here in the province of Quebec, and as in the old days in England and Scotland, this day of Tous Saint or All Hallows has been dedicated to the memory of those departed. This war has brought about a profound change among English-speaking and Protestant peoples. For reasons I confess have always been beyond my comprehension we Protestants have been taught that prayers for the dead are futile, if not positively sinful. But there is not a mother here in Montreal, aye, nor a mother in Canada who has given her son to the cause, and lost him in all the strength and glory of his young manhood but has approached God upon bended knee and prayed for the welfare of her beloved dead in the afterworld, and that, however, fearful she may have been of transgressing against the doctrine of her church. These prayers are instinctive—and if this world war has accomplished anything it has instilled throughout the troops of all the nations engaged an absolute implicit belief in the existence of the afterworld. It is, as I say, implicit, rarely explicit. Men, at least Anglo-Saxons do not bare their hearts and talk freely about these matters, but let me give you a little vignette. Picture to yourself the messroom of one of our battalions in Flanders, in a little town behind the front to which the battalion has returned after a hard spell in the trenches. It was last year when, after months of desperate fighting, we had straightened out the line at Festubert and proved that we could more than hold our own against the Germans, and the talk over dinner turned to the splendid quality of the new troops of the British territorial army. A visiting officer, a non-combatant, over on a tour of inspection, chimed in: "Good old Lord Roberts, what a pity that he could not be here to see this!" And the senior major across the table retorted in a matter-of-fact way: "But, of course he sees it all." And not one of the more than two dozen officers present offered a word in dissent. It seemed to the visitor that the major was regarded by his hearers as uttering a truism.

Do you not see, boys, what this all means? It is no blind fatalism that animates our men, or at least the vast mass of them, but a sure and firm belief in the afterworld; not in the ineffably placid and eminently uninteresting heaven and the sizzling hell of the churches, but an afterworld of service, and of continuation and advance of the old interests. It is this same belief in an after-existence that makes death a mere incident in the larger life, so that our men attempt all and achieve all, casting no longing, lingering look behind, and facing death not with serenity, but with actual joy. This firm, sane, belief is both of, and I trust that you will recognize that I mean no disrespect, is also beyond the bounds of Christianity. Those who are not confessed Christians may hold it. It was firm assurance of an afterworld that animated the Japanese allies in their late war with Russia, that explains their wonderful heroism. Have you heard of the series of impressive ceremonies responds to our All Saints Day, in which division after division is drawn up and solemnly the general in command calls upon the fallen, calls them one by one as though present, recounts their heroic deed and confers honours upon them? We, too, in this war, are likewise granting posthumous honours, and that from every point of view, rightly.

And there is more than this. On Sunday last at the Cathedral, our good friend of McGill, Dr. Symonds, talked of revivals, recalling the monkish revival of the Middle Ages, the Reformation, the Evangelical Revival begun by John Wesley, the Tractarian Revival, showing how each in turn had been a true revival, that is to say, had not been a momentary ebullition or fizzle of white hot sentiment, but had been a permanent influence affecting our religious thoughts of today. The time, he said, had come for another revival, the war would surely bring it, and the indications were that it would be in the direction of conservation of the individual to social service. And musing over what he said, it seemed to be that he was largely right, and that he did not quite indicate the inevitable lines along which the war will bring this about.

The true spirit of the soldier, that which will animate all the many thousands who return from this war, is that of duty for the good of the country and Empire without thought of self. Has it ever struck you that the religion familiarly taught to all Christians through all these centuries, Catholic and Protestant alike, is a travesty, if not of individual texts in the New Testament, certainly of Christ's life and example. "Believe," we have been told, "in order that you may see salvation." "Be good for your personal benefit." What signs were there of such a miserable, smug and selfish doctrine in the life and actions of Christ, what signs, save that wondrously human agony in the garden that he did not gladly give up everything in life for the sake of others. Think of the untold agonies through all those centuries caused to poor, misled mankind and womankind by fear that one soul should not be saved!

What does it in the least matter how many souls the individual loses provided that he has helped his neighbor upward and onward. This does not mean the comfortable doctrine that a man may do as he pleases and lead any sort of life, any more than that a civilian can do any real good by sniping at the enemy. It means what military life means, subjection to discipline and unremitting preparation if the cause is to be won, but that not for the benefit of the individual soldier, but for the triumph of the cause. This, I firmly believe, will be the religion of the future, and along those lines will come this new revival. With Dr. Symonds its outward sign will be social service, a voluntary surrender of personal interests for the good of others, and the advancement of humanity. Assuredly this has been the spirit in which our McGill men have gladly given their lives.

Lt.-Col. Richard Playfair Campbell, '01, No. 6 Field Ambulance, C.E.F., killed at the front, September 16, 1916.

Lt.-Col. Henry Brydges Yates, '93 No. 3 Canadian General Hospital, died in Granville Hospital, Ramsgate, January 22, 1916.

Major William Pearson Dillion, '04, No. 2 Canadian General Hospital, died by accident in France, June, 1915.

Major Josias Lewis Duval, '98, No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance, died of wounds, August 26, 1915.

Capt. James Knowles Bertram, '16, Canadian Mounted Rifles, killed in action, September 22, 1916.

Capt. John Leroy Mavety, '11, R.A.M.C., died of blood poisoning, December, 1915.

Capt. John Parnell Walsh, '09, 2nd Battalion, died of wounds, No. 2 General Hospital, Chelsea, England, August 9, 1916.

Capt. Douglas Waterston, '14, No. 9 Field Ambulance, C.E.F., killed in action, May 22, 1916.

Capt. Francis Sharpe Walcott, '15, C.A.M.C., late of R.A.M.C., killed in action, October 6, 1916.





SOME OF THE ORIGINAL OFFICERS OF THE MCGILL GENERAL HOSPITAL.





SOME OF THE ORIGINAL OFFICERS OF THE MCGILL GENERAL HOSPITAL.



# A CANADIAN HOSPITAL IN FRANCE

Being the University Lecture of the Session, 1916-17, Delivered by  
Sir William Peterson, K.C.M.G.

"Our Founder would have been greatly surprised if he could have foreseen what was to happen in the world not more than 100 years after his death. When he passed away in 1813, Britain was still at war with Napoleon; to-day she is fighting for France, on French soil, and in the foremost ranks are hundreds of those who bear our Founder's name—the men of Old McGill. The McGill yell is at all times an appealing cry; but to hear it, as I have heard it on French soil, gives one a far-reaching influence of a well-considered and wisely-directed bequest to education. Truly James McGill builded better than he knew. The McGill men who are working in France and Flanders may rest assured that if he could be with us to-day, while we are piously celebrating his memory, he would have wished both us and them to continue throwing every ounce of our strength into the struggle.

"It is to me a most gratifying reflection that the war is giving what will amount to a new meaning to the word 'academic.' In common parlance, academic is supposed to be the very opposite of practical. But just look at the work of our universities in this war. I was speaking to the students at the opening of the university about the (so-called) academic contributions to the solution of such practical problems as the testing of munitions, the production of high explosives, the supply of dye stuffs, the work of air craft and submarines. Could anything be more practical than that? But there is another field in which the highest humanitarian interests are linked, more than in any other, with the onward march of science. Medicine and surgery in this war and the art of sanitation, are very directly aiming to the relief of suffering, and the conservation of human life. Hence the term 'academic' ought to be re-christened 'intensely practical and helpful.' The Founder of McGill University would be greatly gratified if he could know that the University Lecture of 1916 is to concern itself with the work achieved and the reputation gained by a medical unit in France, bearing his name, of which the whole University may well be proud. It is commanded by a very distinguished specialist, a man of considerable military experience, whose highest praise, apart from his proved efficiency as an organizer and commanding officer, is that he made the greatest sacrifices, both personal and professional, in order that he might obey the impulse of patriotic devotion. To Col. Birkett, and the officers under his command, may be applied the words of a writer in the London Times (15th June, 1916), who, in speaking of the self-sacrifice of Canadian doctors generally said, 'These men have in a real sense given up for their country much that years of labor has made their own. They have in some cases literally cast flour-baking practices to the winds, and taken instead the soldier's pay and the soldier's lot with splendid cheerfulness. They have faced an absence from home measured by years—for leave to return to Canada is a very different matter from leave to return to England—without a grumble.'

"Colonel Birkett's unit, which is known as No. 3 General Hospital (McGill), received instructions to mobilize on 5th March, 1915, and sailed for England on 6th May. After a sojourn of some weeks on St. Martin's Plain, it embarked for France in the middle of June. Its first location was at Camiers, where it had the Harvard medical unit for its next-door neighbor. When I visited this site, I saw the tent which had been occupied by our good friend, Col. Yates, whose death was deplored by so many warm friends in Montreal and elsewhere; it was on one side of the officers' headquarters, while the clerks and paymaster were clustered on the other side. Camiers is still considered a suitable site for those who are more

permanently settled there; but the McGill unit was housed in Indian tents which, though to the outward eye they carried a suggestion of Oriental splendor, were not suited to the weather that prevailed in the later months of 1915. So the McGill Hospital was glad of the opportunity to make a move to Boulogne. The transfer was effected on the 6th of January, 1916, under Col. Elder, who acted for the Commanding Officer during the absence of the latter on official business to Canada. When I tell you that the authorities allowed two days for the removal, and that it was completely achieved in eight hours, I gave you some proof both of Col. Elder's energy and of the willing support he received from all ranks of the unit. At Camiers, over 3,000 patients were treated; at Boulogne the number up to the end of July was fully 15,000.

"Like many other places on the line of communication in France, Boulogne presents the outward appearance of a city in English occupation. Except for the indispensable officials the French uniform is conspicuous by its absence. The defenders of the country are with the armies of the Republic at the front. Khaki is everywhere the only wear, and many who have donned the British uniform—in addition to administrative officials, directors of transportation, and members of various staffs—belong to one or other of the numerous base hospitals situated in Boulogne or its immediate neighborhood. At the present moment, Boulogne is one of the great clearance ports of France; and were it not for the transportation activities resulting from this fact, its principal industry might be said to be medicine and surgery. The crossing was effected on three transports, convoyed by two destroyers, the first of which curvetted about in front of the leading vessel like a dog in front of a baker's van. The dog is generally barking and no doubt the destroyers would have barked too if any German submarine had been so foolish as to reveal its presence in the near neighborhood. I was on the leader, and as the officer who, in virtue of his seniority, commanded the troops happened to be a McGill graduate, I had the privilege of being invited to the captain's bridge, from which I felt sure of being able to obtain a good view of anything at all likely to happen. But the 'English Channel' is safe, and will continue to be so if the Germans fail in their effort to change its name. No danger was encountered, either going or returning, and no hostile vessel put in an appearance. The story of the Channel nets will be a great one to write when the war is over. Near the French coast, a fleet of small fishing boats could be described, pursuing their ordinary avocations; but the captain called my attention at the same time to vessels of larger build which were evidently moving according to a concerted plan, and were trying to catch fish of quite another kind—'tin-fish,' the captain said. They were sweeping for mines. As to the sneaking submarine, one method of detecting and afterwards destroying it is the employment of dirigible airships, one of which accompanied us on the return trip to Folkestone. It made marvellous speed, and its silver sheen in the summer sky was a marked contrast to the dark scowl of a nocturnal raider. On the way over we met two hospital ships, bringing back the wreckage of war to convalescent homes and other institutions in England. They are easily recognizable by their green paint and red cross device; and as they passed us, the troops on board our ships gave us a cheer to hearten the poor sufferers on their way to 'Blighty.' I have seen such cargoes finally unload at Waterloo Station, and nothing could surpass the loving care with which they are welcomed, or the respectful and sympathetic demeanour of the crowd as the ambulance vans pass by.

"Outside the harbour of Boulogne, one or two wrecks are easily discernible. They once were ships lying peacefully at anchor, but in the night an enemy torpedo had found its mark. Such are the triumphs of Germany by sea! On the quay itself the first thing that strikes the eye is the long array of English and Canadian motor ambulances, many of them donated by private associations. They are part of an organized medical service, the proved efficiency of which is one of the war's wonders.

"From the landing-stage I made my way—after paying my respects at the Headquarters of the District Medical Staff—to No. 3 General, where I was somewhat embarrassed to find that the commanding officer had given up his own quarters to accommodate me. Our hospital occupies a splendid situation at the back of the town in grounds covering several acres, fronting the main road to Calais. The luxuriant foliage which is one of their marked features, is matched by the extremely pretty and well-kept beds of flowers which the staff—especially the nursing sisters—have made a point of pride at the entrance to the various huts and elsewhere. The buildings, apart from the huts, are the ruins and remains of an old Jesuit college, which was partly destroyed by fire in 1907, and thereafter largely demolished. It had been previously used as an Indian hospital; and the care taken by the British Government of its dusky warriors, even in death, was evidenced by a graveyard and a crematorium at some distance from the hospital, in which the rites of Hindoo burial had been scrupulously observed, and which is intended to be British property forever.

"No. 3 General was originally intended for only 520 beds. Authority was soon given, however, to double that number, and now there are over 2,000 beds—say four times the number of beds in the Montreal General. In the first week of July, after the British had begun their advance, Col. Birkett and his staff handled no fewer than 5,000 minor casualties in one single day, over 800 patients were admitted, 1,100 discharged, and still over 1,000 remaining in the wards after six o'clock that evening. It was on this occasion that Sir Douglas Haig himself sent a special message through Sir Arthur Sloggett, D.G.M.S., congratulating the McGill unit on the unexampled manner in which they had handled unprecedented numbers of casualties.

"Word is generally received towards nine p.m., of what may be expected in the way of convoys of wounded. On the first evening of my visit there must have been a certain 'liveliness' at the front, for seventy patients came in. The lighter cases are the first to arrive; they are referred to as 'walkers.' Then come the 'sitters,' and last of all the severely wounded, on stretchers. I followed the first patient from the reception room, where his card was made out, complete in every detail, and his case indexed, to the bath, and then to the ward. In the bathroom the new arrival's kit is carefully rolled up, after his private and personal belongings had been placed in his own safe keeping; it is after placed in the disinfectant. The patient himself dons the hospital garb before entering his ward, but he will get his own kit back before he leaves, or something quite as good. The first care of the attendants, among whom I recognized many students in medicine, is to make the new arrivals comfortable for the night. After the jolting of the railroad trains the first thing they need is rest, both for body and spirit; it will be time enough in the morning in most cases, to do what may be needful in the way of surgery. And right skilfully do the surgeons carry out their part of the work. In fact, it is the great reputation, not only of its Commanding Officer, but of the

various departmental heads, and the number and high standing of their assistants, that has given this medical unit the prestige it enjoys in France. The operating table is as fully equipped, as ably officered as in any of our largest hospitals, while the X-ray department and the big magnet have proved themselves indispensable for enabling the surgeon to grapple with the difficult and often unique problems forwarded to him from the field or battle. Another interesting and important adjunct of the surgical department is the room in which is used a large and varied collection of splints. Some of these clever and rapidly improvised inventions owe their existence to the ingenuity of the chief surgeon, who is well known in civil life for his good work in hospital and lecture room, though it looked to me as though only in time of war could his resourcefulness be put fully to the test. From his colleague in charge of the medical wards I also received much enlightenment as to the general running of the hospital. He is an old campaigner, and nothing interested me more during the whole trip than the account he gave me of how the Canadians had managed to hold their ground during the second battle of Ypres. For seventeen days and nights on end they kept the Germans off with their artillery fire, though if the enemy had only known how weak their line was and how inadequately supported they would not have had much difficulty in breaking through. A man is a hero who has lived through such a time as that. This particular hero is known to his friends as a poet. I think he is also something of a philosopher. And his medical work is no less well done because of the distinction he brings to it in other fields.

"An army marches on its stomach, and no medical or other hospital could be well run without a good kitchen. This and other departments of the administration side, I had the opportunity of inspecting under the guidance of the Quartermaster, whose great ability and experience have made him one of the most valuable members of the unit. The daily and weekly expense-accounts are kept with military as well as business exactitude, and after studying the various tabulations I could not but commend the successful efforts for some reduction of expenditure, and for various economies in what is likely to finish as a war of economy all round. I must refer also to the work of the McGill Y.M.C.A. Field Branch, which has been untiring in its efforts to provide comforts for the staff and patients. In company with the O. C. and other officers of the unit, I took various trips to the town and neighborhood. Boulogne was once a walled city; you can walk around it and count its towers and battlements. The old Chateau of the Counts of Boulogne is now used as barracks, and its chapel, crypt and dungeon are well worthy of a visit. In the last named we created some amusement by asking our French soldier-guide if he did not think it would be a good place for William! Such pleasantries are not ill-timed, for there is a look of sadness about the people, in spite of their grim determination, that contrasts painfully with the usual gaiety of France. It struck me that two out of every three of the women were wearing black. This was painfully evident when one of the factories opened its doors for the midday meal. In the near neighborhood of this factory are the headquarters of the Canadian Red Cross in France. Here are stored all the multifarious supplies which reach Boulogne both from Canada and from London. What an amount of loving care and foresight on the part of the workers and contributors throughout the world is represented in these stores! Nothing seems to be lacking either in the way of medical and surgical supplies or creature comforts. The need is so great that in



the month of July the comforts represented a value of half a million of dollars. And no matter how full the warehouses may be, their whole assignment is cleared out and has to be renewed on an average once a month. Let the workers in Canada and elsewhere continue their angelic efforts in the full confidence that every ounce of the goods they supply reaches its mark, and that here, as in everything else I was privileged to witness, the work of administration is beyond criticism. I must not forget the nursing-sisters, of whom this unit can boast over seventy. A cup of tea in their delightful mess-room reminded me of many acquaintanceships, and I afterwards had the pleasure of addressing them, along with the whole staff and all the students, assistants and many convalescents, too, on subjects connected with their work in the war.

"In addition to the inspection of a hospital train and hospital ship, I visited also most of the other hospitals in Boulogne and neighborhood, all doing splendid work on similar lines. In one of them it was especially interesting to meet and talk with a group of German wounded prisoners, whose quarters seemed to have been carefully selected so as to give them a good view of the shipping which constantly passes between France and that country which they fondly believed—because they had been told—had been quite sealed up by German submarines. All these hospitals are deserving of the highest praise. But none of them brought things so near to my heart as did my visit to the unit which I have made the subject of this sketch. On the last day of my stay, two men were brought in belonging to a Canadian regiment to which I had bidden good-bye but a short week previously at Bramshott. They had already received their baptism of fire. And they told me that one of their officers, personally known to me, had fallen a victim to a German shell which had caught their last platoon just as they were leaving the trenches. I see him before me now as I grasped his hand at Liphook station, and told him when I got back to Montreal, I would tell his mother, and seen the last of him. Poor mother, and father, too! I have not yet been able to bring myself even to write to them.

"All the hospitals, as I have said, are doing most magnificent work. But mine is a University hospital, officered by a large staff of specialists, whose high standing and power of co-ordinating science and medicine have given it almost a place apart. It was little wonder to me, and no small joy, to hear it described by three of the highest authorities, speaking separately and in different centres, as the 'best unit in France.'"

Haverford College has signed Coach Bennett for 1917, 1918 and 1919. He will have charge of the football and baseball teams. This year he has been very successful with the eleven which gained a victory in its big game of the year, that with Swarthmore. Coach Bennett was formerly a star at the University of Pennsylvania.

Ohio State University has made a fine showing on the gridiron during the four years Coach Wilce has been in charge. During that time they have scored 625 points against 141 and they have lost only four games out of 26 played. Wisconsin has defeated them twice, Indiana and Illinois once each. This year Ohio defeated all three of those colleges.

#### PARIS.

Paris, which, like so many other European cities, has lately taken unto itself yet more stringent "lighting orders," is remembered by most people and gratefully remembered, as it was in the days of peace. Not that in outward appearance it is much changed, any more than is London; but the Paris of today is earnestly set on a great business, and its determination makes itself felt in many directions.

Now, there is a popular view of Paris. It is a view which places "Paris fashions" first and foremost; a view which, in expressing itself, works the adjective "gay" until any other seems an absurd intruder; a view, in fact, which is summed up in the rollicking words of that enthusiastic popular song writer who, years ago, described the impossible in the outburst:

As I bowl along the Bois de Boulogne,  
With an independent air,

and so on. Such, indeed, may be the Paris seen by the passing tourist, of the Boulevard des Italiens, the Paris of the Rond Point, or the Paris of the Rue de Rivoli, but it is, after all, only a small part of Paris. It is, moreover, essentially modern Paris. Perhaps no city in Europe, except London, is more redolent with history at every turn than the French capital. It is true that much of the history, recalled by its streets and buildings, is that which relates to the great cataclysm of 140 years ago; but those who have any knowledge of French history will find sermons in stone about it at most street corners. The Louvre alone, with its long procession of patrons, architects, and master builders, is a wonderful epitome. Philip Augustus, nearly a thousand years ago, building his moated fortress; Pierre Lescot, under Francis I, filled with all the enthusiasms of the Renaissance, building the wonderful wings in the south and west courtyard; Catherine de Medici and Henry IV, building the Grande Galerie, and the Pavillon Henri Quatre; Claude Perrault, under Louis XIII, building the east facade, and so on through the years that followed.

It is the same everywhere one goes. The huge assemblage of buildings called the Palais de Justice, west of the Boulevard du Palais, may be largely modern, but it has wrapped up within it many fragments of French history. There is, for instance, the Sainte-Chapelle, one of the most perfect specimens of Gothic art, with its story of Louis IX; the old Conciergerie with its grim memories of Marie Antoinette and other victims of the Terror; and its many halls and kitchens with their lost stories of notable feasts and notable receptions, the high junketings of Old Paris in the days of Louis the Saint and Philip the Fair.

Anyone who would see the real Paris of today, the Paris full of energy to carve out its future, but none the less truly linked up with the Paris of the past, would not spend much time on the steps of the Madeleine; he would make his way, as the sun sets, past the Jardin des Tuileries, across the Pont de Solferino and on to the Quai d'Orsay on the other side of the Seine. And here he would pause for a little while, especially if he is a book lover, and, if he is not too late in the day, spend some time turning over the books and strange prints to be found in profusion at the historic stalls which line the stone walls of the quai. But, if he is too late, or the evident desire of the stall-holder to pack up and be away precludes that leisurelines which is the joy of book hunting, he will take his way under trees along the Boulevard St. Germain. He will not traverse the great street for its whole length. That would, of course, bring him back to the river again, across the Pont Sully, into more history in the shape of the Place

de la Bastille. Rather, when he comes to the Boulevard St. Michel, he will turn to the right, and soon afterwards to the left, until he comes under the shadow of the Pantheon, and so into the heart of the Quartier Latin. Now it is not said that the Quartier Latin, as popularly understood, is typical of Paris, but then the Quartier Latin is not really what it is popularly understood to be. It is not wholly given over to artists and "Bohemians." All manner of Parisians are sure to be seen there, sooner or later, and the man who knows a café where he can get a four-course dinner for a franc, and ordinarily there are many such, will probably see more of the real Paris during a leisure hour thus spent, than he would see in the Rue de Rivoli in a week. There are, of course, other places in Paris where Paris may be seen. Paris, indeed, is full of itself, and to the eye of the man who has once come to see the real Paris, it is everywhere.

Pacific Coast teams do not make as much money at football as do the big eastern ones. The University of Washington eleven, which has been so successful on the gridiron under the teachings of Coach Dobie, made only \$18,000 this fall, \$14,000 of which were used for expenses.

#### THE WAR.

Change in the British ministry means that the war is to be prosecuted with greater determination than ever. The most eminent financiers on both sides agree that the latest talk of an early ending of the struggle has no more tangible basis than the numerous similar reports that have gone before. The Allies take the stand—Britain, France and Russia equally—that an inconclusive peace would be worse than defeat. So with new leaders in all three countries the war is to be pushed with new vigor.

#### NATIONAL SERVICE.

(Monthly Commercial Letter Canadian Bank of Commerce)

For the moment there are no signs of an abatement in the demand for the staple products of the Dominion. It remains for our people to organize their forces, somewhat depleted through enlistment so as to maintain the volume of production. The National Service Committee contemplates the classification of the industries of the Dominion as essential and non-essential, so that there may be no diminution in the production of the necessities which constitute the great bulk of our exports at the present time. There is undoubtedly an unnecessary expenditure of the limited supply of labor at our disposal upon the production of many non-essential things, the demand for which is due to the regrettable lack of appreciation of the Empire's needs in the herculean struggle now proceeding. The economy now to be desired means more than the mere setting aside of that proportion of income not required for comfortable living, it means the conservation of our industrial energy and man power so that they may be applied to strengthening the pressure exerted on the enemy.

Large as our exports have become, it is quite noticeable that our imports are also growing appreciably, and include many non-essentials. As long as our trade returns disclose such facts it is obvious that however desirous some of the people of Canada may be of doing their utmost for the Empire's cause, their wishes are not being realized. Some extravagances have been limited by legislation, but it would appear that further steps are necessary to enforce the necessity for economy on the people in order to organize effectively the Nation's resources for war purposes.

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## Wear Those Comfortable Old Shoes This Winter

And Show Your Patriotism and Thrift--  
Inexpensive Rubbers or Overshoes  
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The spectacular rise in leather prices has a significance far beyond its painful effect on our personal expenses—it is becoming a serious matter for the Government and our soldiers at the Front.

The war is using up leather much faster than it is being produced. The reserve, particularly of high-grade leather, is steadily diminishing. If the soldiers are to have plenty for shoes and equipment, and if the Government is to be able to procure it at prices within reason, civilians must economize on it to the limit.

This is the reason well-worn shoes are no longer a discredit, but an honor—an evidence that the wearer puts patriotism before pride, thrift before vanity.

Fortunately the prevailing low prices of rubbers and overshoes make this practicable. In most cases they cost little more than before the war, and a very small expenditure for either will protect the old shoes perfectly through the winter, keep the feet dry and comfortable, and guard the wearer's health. Many are following the sensible course of getting a pair of rubbers or overshoes to exactly fit each pair of shoes, for rubbers that conform closely to the shoes they cover wear much longer as well as look neater.

This is one of the rare cases where virtue brings its own reward, for in addition to the very considerable money saving, what is there that affords such solid comfort as a well-worn pair of shoes?

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